New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1916.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Verne Rogers, Vice-President; H. H. Wahle, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.

Daily & Sunday, 1 mo.	$ .75	Daily only, 1 month	$ .50
Daily & Sunday, 6 mos.	4.25	Daily only, 6 months	3.00
Daily & Sunday, 1 year	8.50	Daily only, 1 year	6.00
Sunday only, 6 months	1.25	Sunday only, 1 year	2.50

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Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

At Verdun.

The problem of Verdun remains precisely what it was at the close of the second week of the great German drive, which began on February 21. By that time it had entirely ceased to be a battle to pierce the French line, because time had been allowed the French to bring up reserves and to prepare lines behind the threatened points.

As to the other question, that of the possession of the town itself, this never had any importance. After the first great thrust by the Germans was halted the battle became one purely and simply for moral values. If to-morrow or next month the French should draw their lines back behind the Meuse from St. Mihiel to Verdun, the general situation would remain exactly what it was when the trench war began—two lines of trenches would face each other from Switzerland to the sea.

But if the Germans should take possession of the ashes of the town of Verdun the French and the German people, the world in general, would recognize that the battle for moral values had been won by the Germans, and the victory on the field, which was inconsiderable, might be translated in the press and the policies of the belligerent nations into something considerable and material.

So far the Germans have made no real progress since March in the taking of Verdun. Dead Man's Hill and Hill 304, which have figured so much in the dispatches, are several miles north of the line on which the French must make their last stand to hold the city. Possession of these hills is valuable to the French because it permits them to deliver a flanking fire upon the Germans attacking across the river. But the view in Paris has been from the outset that these hills would be "sold to the Germans" for a cost in casualties.

It is essential to remember in thinking of Verdun that it is just a sector in the battle front which goes from the sea to the Jura, that no great advantage can be obtained by either side unless the line is pierced at some point, and that there is no possibility now of piercing the French line about Verdun because behind the present front the French have prepared other stronger lines.

The Germans are attacking at Verdun because, owing to the fact that the railroads are cut by shell fire, it is the most difficult part of the western front to munition. They believe that if they succeed in taking Verdun the French people will be thoroughly disheartened and ready to listen to peace talk. They believe the German people will be heartened by a victory which will quite naturally be magnified to the utmost.

But it is well to bear in mind that if the German attack at Verdun ever becomes too threatening the French and the British all along the western front can begin either a general or a limited offensive of their own, and that there will be an immediate demand made upon Germany to find reserves to meet this. The same is true for the Russians, now that the weather conditions permit operations.

We have all been looking at Verdun so intently for many months that it has come to have an exaggerated value for us and its fate seems to have an importance which is altogether illusory. It is well to recall that it was the French who elected to stand on their present lines and not to draw back three or four miles more to a position that they could hold with far less difficulty.

It is well to bear in mind, too, that the French high command reasons that the defence of the present lines is inflicting tremendous losses on the Germans, losses disproportionate to the French and disproportionate to any military advantage that is now to be gained.

Actually the situation at Verdun is what it was in the middle of March, save that on the west bank of the river the Germans have progressed about half a mile nearer the main French position, which is several miles back of Dead Man's Hill. There has been no important change, no change at all on the east bank of the Meuse, except as the French have taken and lost Douaumont, and the only result has been that a very large number of French and German troops, certainly more German than French, have been put out of the line by death, capture or disability.

The Germans believe French numbers are failing and French endurance approaching a term. In this they are utterly wrong, as the words of Poincaré and Viviani indicate. They believe that France, under this terrific attack, will lose heart, and of this there is not the smallest evidence. They must continue the attack because their failure up to the present moment has depressed their own people, heartened the French and had a very unfavorable effect upon neutral opinion.

When the German attack becomes dangerous there will be an Allied offensive on some sector in which the chief burden will be borne by the British. The British failure to act so far is not due to unreadiness, but to obedience to the plans of the French General Staff, which is able to call upon the British for assistance whenever it chooses.

One of the main objects of the German campaign is to compel the Allies to attack before they are ready to attack on all fronts. When such an attack is made the Germans will lose all the advantages of interior lines and be unable to move troops from east to west and west to east as the danger threatens.

At Verdun the French are fighting a methodical, careful, utterly deliberate battle, with the purpose to inflict as great losses as possible at the least possible cost. They believe that their reserves and those of their allies greatly exceed the German reserves and that the Germans are wasting a large fraction of the man-power left to them on a costly and empty effort.

Two months ago General Joffre told a visitor that the one fear that the French high command then had was lest the Germans should abandon the Verdun attack and terminate the huge and sterile sacrifices in men and in munitions. His hope, frankly expressed, was that they would continue.

In three months the Germans have advanced about four miles; practically the whole advance was made in the first fortnight. Their losses have been colossal; they have so far won nothing of value; there is as yet not the smallest prospect that they can get Verdun, and if they presently do get it at the cost of 300,000 or 400,000 casualties, they will have acquired nothing but a few square miles of French territory and such moral values as the possession thereof may give them.

If the whole world which sympathizes with the Allied cause could be as calm not as the men who are about Verdun but as Paris is, as Paris has been since the first terrific drive was halted, the German campaign itself would lose practically all its importance, since it is a moral before it is a military venture. Despite the heavy casualties the French are viewing the Verdun campaign with confidence and with satisfaction; so far what has happened was exactly what they expected would happen when their high command finally decided to hold and not to evacuate Verdun, yielding to the appeal of the politicians.

A Characteristic Apology.

The issue of veracity between Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske and Secretary Josephus Daniels has now been adjusted in a manner thoroughly characteristic of the administration of the Navy Department under its present head.

Admiral Fiske, at that time Aid for Operations, delivered to the Secretary in November, 1914, an elaborate memorandum on American naval policy. It was pigeonholed and would probably never have been permitted to see the light of day again if the Senate had not recently called on the Secretary to produce it. The latter transmitted it reluctantly and told the Senate that he had never seen or read it, and had not even known until recently of its existence. The admiral took exception to this statement and requested the Senate to authorize a committee to examine into the truth of it.

An investigation was being considered. But now in an indirect and grudging manner Mr. Daniels has indicated that he is willing to retract his assertions to the Senate and to admit that Admiral Fiske was right in saying that the memorandum was shown to him before it went on file. This apology is not made in an open and manly manner, either to the admiral or to the Senate, but appears in the form of a report to the President, inserted in a letter written by the latter to the chairman of the executive committee of the American Defence Society.

Mr. Daniels was naturally taken aback when the Fiske memorandum was called for. Its publication was bound to put him in the unenviable position of having totally ignored a remarkable forecast of the political and military developments of the European war so far as these were likely to affect American interests. Admiral Fiske, as a student of war, foresaw with remarkable clearness the dangers ahead—dangers arising from our inability to keep clear of foreign complications. He wrote:

> "During the next five years we must expect a great number of causes of disagreement between this country and other countries and periods of tension between this government and others; periods like that preceding the Spanish war, needing only a casualty like the blowing up of the Maine to precipitate a conflict. In my opinion, as your professional adviser, and in the opinion of every naval officer with whom I have talked, the United States is in danger of being drawn into war, and will continue to be in danger for several years."

Admiral Fiske was right. We had the Lusitania Massacre and the Columbus, N. M., raid, and we are likely to be many more times on the verge of war. But Mr. Daniels was at that time living in a fool's paradise of fancied security. He believed, with President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, that people who talked as Admiral Fiske did about the necessity of military preparation were merely "nervous and excited." In that supercilious mood a memorandum like Admiral Fiske's must have seemed to him a mere annoyance, and there is no reason to doubt that it made only the most casual impression on his mind.

If Mr. Daniels's mental balance had not been upset by the President's sudden shift three or four months ago to a belligerent advocacy (for the moment at least) of real preparedness, he would have told the Senate the truth without fear of the consequences. He would have said that he had no time in 1914, or even in 1915, to listen to the idle chatter of "nervous and excited" naval experts—that he knew of no place more suitable than a department pigeonhole for the advice given him by naval strategists.

Instead of that he ran to cover behind the flimsy plea that he had never seen the Fiske report or even heard of it. Nor has he now the manliness to apologize directly for the imputation which he unjustly cast upon the veracity and honor of a distinguished subordinate. He gets the President to make his excuses for him through the medium of a letter written to a semi-public organization.

But is anybody surprised? Far from it. The Fiske apology, petty in its manner and grudging in its spirit, is only in line with the policy which Mr. Daniels has followed from the beginning in dealing with naval officers of all grades and with the highest interests of the navy itself.

Is New York a Community?

The honored theory that New York has no community spirit is directly challenged at the City College Stadium, where appears what Messrs. Barnum and Bailey would have accurately called the mammoth show of "Caliban." "Community Masque" is the official title, and the avowed hope of those who have toiled hardest for the spectacle is that something more than a theatrical success will be achieved. A uniting of the entire city, a rebirth of local pride and civic spirit, is the ambitious goal foreseen.

Without expecting miracles or setting too much store by the future, it is to be written down at once that here and now the stadium holds quite the most extraordinary outpouring of concerted effort and good will that the city has seen. In sheer scale of contribution it is colossal. For the groups represented—the colleges, the schools, the clubs—no such mingling of the countless elements which go to make up the city's artistic and intellectual life has ever been attempted. Whatever the effect for the future, the present demonstration of a real and existing community spirit is altogether noteworthy. In itself, it amply justifies the large aims of the promoters.

Just how much gain in community feeling can actually grow year by year from such a symbol remains to be seen. A swimming hole manufactures community sentiment. So does a village baseball game. But there you start with a uniformity of type wholly different from our patchwork New York. Not huge size but endless variety of population forms the chief obstacle to that fellow-understanding which is the true basis of community spirit. We like to think that our city does grip her people in some mysterious way—by sheer amazingness of bulk and speed and light, perhaps. It is on the side of the extraordinary spectacle in the stadium that it does typify exactly these qualities. It does not represent New York by any token or set design; it does strike across the imagination in scale and character with all that makes the city great.

The success of "Caliban" is unmistakable. Its failures can easily be avoided in another year. Fewer words and simpler pantomime must be the guiding marks if the present gigantic scale is to be preserved. A pageant and not a masque, in short. But these shortcomings are small enough. The spectacle witnesses both skill and daring. All the arts speak in the stadium, and all with a vigor and freshness to be proud of.

Protestant Rebels in Ireland.

(From The Detroit Journal.)

The notion is entertained by not a few intelligent people that the rebellion in Ireland partakes of a religious nature. This is very far from the mark.

Practically all of the Irish rebel leaders in this and in every preceding rebellion have been Protestants, though the bulk of their followers have been Catholics.

Sir Roger Casement is a North of Ireland man of pure English Protestant stock. Joseph Pearse was a Protestant of English descent. Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, William Smith O'Brien, Grattan, Parnell and the Plunketts were all Protestants.

Even in Ulster not all Protestants by any means are Orangemen. Many of the Protestants of Ulster are Home Rulers. So even are some of the Orangemen. Pim and Mellowes, who were arrested in Limerick a few months ago for discouraging recruiting, were Protestants. Professor Paul Chevasse, of Oxford, who was arrested in Cork for speaking Gaelic a few weeks ago, is an English Protestant.

In fact, the leaders of the modern Irish school of Gaelic revivalists who organized the Sinn Fein intellectual movement, Ireland for the Irish, were practically all Protestants, and in some respects their work was opposed by the Catholic Church, though supported by the rank and file. That remarkable school of new singers, Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory, are Protestants, as was the St. Endas school, whose instructors were executed.

With these essential facts in mind, one can get a clearer idea of the Irish movement, which, starting as an intellectual idea, was forced into a futile and altogether mad rebellion by the whip of the recruiting officers.

Back of it all is not the obsolete religious question, but the fundamental feeling of a race for national expression.

One Man and a Mob.

(From The Philadelphia Ledger.)

The captain of the Governor's Troop, who rode alone into the crowd of 10,000 steel strikers at Pittsburgh, showed once more the ascendancy of one mind over many, especially when at the shoulder of solitary daring stands the invisible reinforcement of authority. The strikers well knew that the whistle casually twirled upon the captain's finger not for an idle amusement, but for a threat easily translated into a fatal fact. Therefore, in a sullen silence, they forbore, though not many hours earlier in the mad foray two men fell dead and more than thirty were wounded. A man sure of himself usually has the whiphand of a rabble, which easily disintegrates when it can find no personal focal point of confidence. One man can hold up a train load because he takes his victims by surprise ere they can organize a militant reply to him. He may be a solitary bandit, but the terrified imagination peoples the darkness at his back with his confederates. Even in broad daylight fear of the unknown is an effectual accomplice. One of the most telling parts of "Huckleberry Finn" describes how a crowd bent on destruction was held at bay by one cool householder, who taunted and defied the pack, and the psychologist knows that the novelist's figment is true to life and that sometimes

> "One man with a dream at pleasure
> Shall go forth and conquer a crown."

Buelow Ueber Alles.

Prince von Buelow is on his way to Washington, say the cables, to use his influence diplomatically with President Wilson.

This time last year he was on his way from Rome after a diplomatic failure that pointed the satirical pen of Edmond Rostand, in the following verses. The parallel in situations is curious.

Sing, O my Muse, of Buelow's bearskin "kelly,"
Of Bobadil who masks as Machiavelli,
Whose nodding plume above his brow so wise
Flares like a bursting obus in the skies!

'Tis fine, indeed! But when through Rome he strides,
Why take along that other cap besides?
Fashions in hats! Lo! Here is something new!
The Romans gave their Janus faces two;

So Prussia's envoy needs his twin headgear.
The bearskin serves when Ghenadieff is near;
But better fits the cap when Macchio pleads.
Each change of face a change of headdress needs.

When Rome has seen the Junker's boastful pride,
It suits betimes to try the flunkey's glide.
The bumptious bearskin from the prince's head
Is swept, and lo! the cap sits there instead.

The Potsdam scullion, skilled at many a dish
To mix and whip things to his master's wish,
Can deftly change the cover of his sconce
And set the cap where bobbed the bearskin once
In full belief that change of fur for shoddy
Can quake the heart in poor Salandra's body.

A German trick. With bearskin on his head,
The Teuton bellows words of fury dread:
"Our guns, our Krupps, our obuses and aught' . . ."
But when the daily press is to be bought,
And honour bartered in the darkness vile,
The cap is worn—it hides the eye of guile.

The bearskin proud demands a brazen face;
The sheltering cap permits a sly grimace.
The cap is good to bait the hook for gain;
The bearskin holds the prey by might and main.
For either trick prepared, von Buelow goes.
If barter fails, the bully is the pose.
Hussar and dragoman by turn he plays
Before great Italy's unmoving gaze.

His heels he clicks; the bearskin gets a tilt.
To fit a bigger head than his 'twas built!
Its extra size but shows the Teuton bluff.
The way it sits is evidence enough
The skin was sold before the bear was trapped . . . .
The shaft ill suits the stone wherewith 'tis capped.
In place of such proud cover on his head
He might have donned his wife's fur muff instead!
Who wears a bearskin save when Mars is king?
A bearskin pleading peace is not the thing!

Prince Buelow's headgear feels the biting jeer,
And from its giddy height would disappear.
But then its message: "Think of Louvain's plight!
"Namur and Liege can tell that might is right!"
What matter that as envoy's hat it speaks
And not of powder but of camphor reeks!
"Malines and Antwerp!" is its message here.
"We true Hussars, whom Belgian children fear,
"Who tore their tender bodies through the street,
"Will kick the Latins, doddering and effete,
"Into the toilsome pen of conquered slaves!
"Our Kaiser and his fleet control the waves.
"Food will be ours! The Superman ne'er sleeps
"Who guides our submarines along the deeps.
"No son of man shall ever write our doom!"
Thus bellows Buelow 'neath his nodding plume.

Astonished Italy suspects a jest.
The bearskin disappears. "Here, take Trieste!"
With cap on head, the pedler takes the floor.
"Why do you doubt me? Do you wait for more?
"Name your own price. I'm rich, and generous, too,
"The wealth of Austria at your feet I'll strew.
"Hapsburg may rage; of that we'll wash our hands
"In waters dashing 'gainst his southern strands.
"I'll give you Trent, and, more to fill your coffer,
"Take Elsach also! Here's a splendid offer!"

As Italy looks on some clever trick
Has substituted Buelow's bearskin quick.
And straightway comes in super-Kultured tone
A speech that Hindenburg might call his own:

"Beware, O Rome, thy monuments at stake!
"Not more than five short minutes would it take
"To prove that flowers are oaks before the winds
"Compared with Rome before our Zeppelins!
"The world, you say, will plead in your behalf;
"But Termonde's answer will I give, and laugh:
"*Rasieren!* Rome will vanish from the view!
"Here speaks the Kaiser's voice, and Luther's too.
Mommsen's and Treitschke's ghosts are with me here!
And, that my message strike your heart with fear,
Bernhardi ran his hand athwart my fur!"

But Italy, a-dream, seems not to stir.
"Before you all things quailed, 'tis true, . . . till Joffre!"
Once more the cap jumps up and speaks: "I offer . . ."
"No terms!" the bearskin yells.
The cap pipes: "All!
Goritz, and where Isonzo's waters fall!"
"An end to this!"
Then: "Comrade," says the cap,
"Let's come to terms! Take Fiume's watergap.
"And Istria! I'll talk Giolitti round.
"Some cardinals have prices I have found!"
The bearskin growls: "Be quick and sign the bond!"
But wide-eyed Italy looks still beyond.
With vision clear as her own mountain lakes.

The bearskin fumes. "No superbearskin takes
"Rebuff! Who dares to slight him courts his doom!
"See how my anger quivers in my plume!"

"I see," says Italy with gentle malice,
"'Tis like the fountain spray at Boboli Palace."
"Your cheek then pales not, nor your tongue grows parch?"
But feeling at her back Rome's oldest arch:
"That Rome once had a god named Fear is known;
"But I could never think it was her own."

And laughing gently, as Immortals may:
"Forsooth, Your Excellency, tell me, pray,
"Why, as you speak, you change from fur to cap?"

Buelow at last suspecting some mishap,
Perchance that he had failed to understand—
"How ought I speak?" he puzzled.
"Hat in hand!"

OUR KIND OF PREPAREDNESS

An Uncensored Letter from the Front in Mexico Tells Something About It.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: At this time, when hardly a week passes without our restless Mexican neighbors furnishing us with most practical demonstrations of our inability to protect even our shortest frontier, it is surprising, to say the least, to meet occasionally an opponent of preparedness. Only the other day a pacifist friend of mine remarked that this country could raise an army of a million men overnight. My answer to this statement if made to me to-day would be to read a few sentences from a letter I just received from New Mexico. The writer is a young man in the United States cavalry at present in Mexico; he is not a dissatisfied grumbler, but has a bright, cheerful disposition; he is a soldier by choice, not by necessity, and comes of a family of soldiers, both his father and grandfather having served their country faithfully.

The letters received from him up to the latest one have all been strictly censored, and were merely recitals of the routine duties of the march, as nothing else was allowed to pass. But recently he has returned to the American border, and now for once he is able to express his true feelings. He says:

"We had some rotten time of it at the front. For many days we lived on nothing but parched corn and hardtack. The first day's march from Columbus we made thirty-two miles, twenty-eight the next, thirty the next, nine the next and then forty-five. During the hike from Columbus at breakfast they would issue each man six slices of bacon and eight pieces of hardtack; that constituted our breakfast and dinner; some meals for a long hike, eh? Then whenever we would hit camp we would have to attend the horses, groom them, feed them and water them before we got something to eat. Then we would not get enough to feed a canary. One day we travelled thirty miles before hitting water; we nearly drowned ourselves when we did find it." Now you can understand why the mail was censored!

Such is the state of affairs in our army. Every year millions are spent for good roads, for public buildings and for parks, and yet the handful of young men who volunteer to fight our battles for us are allowed to go half starved!

Yes, we can raise an army of a million over night; but where can we get their equipment, and where, above all else, will we get the machinery necessary to provision these men when away from their base of supplies?

I believe in preparedness, real preparedness of the German kind, where every man at the outbreak of the war knew the duty he was to perform and when he reported at his barracks he there found his locker containing his entire equipment from his rifle to his extra pair of socks.

Preparedness means more than willingness on the part of the men to serve their country; it means that there must be a machine which if war were to be declared would automatically be set in motion, with every man at his post, trained in his particular duty and ready to direct his energies intelligently. A mob is not an army.

CHARLES W. HAGEN.

New York, May 20, 1916.

Dr. Blake's Hospital in France.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Having seen in your paper that the American Red Cross was appealed to by Dr. Joseph Blake for Military Hospital No. 76, of Ris Orangis, France, I take the opportunity to state a few facts that will enable the generous contributors to know exactly what kind of work they are cooperating in doing. Having served as an official link between the French War Office and the donors of the hospital last year, when it was organized, I am able to quote the head of the French Military Board of Health when he officially visited the institution prior to the arrival of the first wounded: "This is the best equipped hospital of the kind."

Two hundred patients can be sheltered at Ris Orangis, and the beautiful grounds and park that surround the buildings make it a very desirable spot for the valorous fighters of France in which to recuperate.

The hospital offers great advantages to the patients, as it is situated far enough from Paris (twenty-eight miles) to afford country quiet and a restful atmosphere, and yet near enough to be benefited by the proximity of the great city.

Since the work was started it has been found so efficient by the French War Office and other headquarters, as attested by numerous testimonials now at hand, that not only was the title of Military Hospital given but the administration was also intrusted with the supervision of 600 patients in nearby convalescent homes. Up to this time the generous donors, Mr. and Mrs. Reckitt and Lady Johnstone (formerly Miss Pinchot, of Washington), have borne all the expense of running the establishment, with a small help from the French government and a few donations; but, the war lasting longer than anticipated, we feel that we have to appeal to the generosity of the American heart in order to continue our splendid work for the nation that bears so silently and nobly the indescribable hardships of these heartrending times.

Two generous American ladies are now paying the salaries of three nurses of our staff, which is composed mostly of Americans, and it is our strong belief that, realizing the great need of the hour, generous persons will desire to contribute to the relief of two, three or more wounded French officers and soldiers for two, three or more months. We will be glad to give them all particulars concerning the patients they will help.

Could all see the expression of gratitude on the faces of those valiant men when they leave the institution either to return to the trenches or to their homes when incapacitated for military service (Ris Orangis receives only the "grands blessés"—those who need most skilful surgery and care), how convinced they would be that such a work of mercy cannot and must not be stopped for lack of funds—a work that brings relief to the children of that great France with which America has been so closely connected for many years by strong ties of friendship in this her sad hour of long and supreme trial.

Checks and donations to be sent to H. J. Reckitt, care Messrs. Reckitt (U. S. A.), Ltd., 90 West Broadway, New York City.

BLANCHE J. BIMONT.

New York, May 23, 1916.

An Appreciation.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am glad I don't know your name and your personal history. Intimate acquaintance with our idols too frequently reveals the feet of clay and dulls our appreciation of the precious metals in the upper works. From the standpoint of one who has lived through the period from Lincoln down to the present day and has read more or less of the writings that have influenced opinion in this country during that time, I would like to testify that in my humble opinion the leading articles on the editorial page of the present time in The Tribune rank with the best I have ever read.

By a happy coincidence the communication of W. R. H. on Niebelungenism appears in the same issue with yours on Wilson and Bethmann-Hollweg. Together they enlighten the hasty reader on the Germanism that constitutes the great issue of the present better than anything I have elsewhere seen.

My experience has not verified the theory that the consciousness of having tried to do one's best is sufficient compensation for otherwise ill requited effort, but appreciation of one's work on the part of strangers has seemed to me to help a lot.

That is the only excuse for this screed.

New York, May 24, 1916. J. R. L.

The Presidential Term.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read with interest the article in your edition of the 14th inst., in which you show that Robert Lansing will be the next President from noon March 4 next until noon March 5.

Assuming this to be correct, the next elected President will take the oath of office on March 5, 1917, and his term being "four years," according to the Constitution, will expire on March 5, 1921. Each succeeding Presidential inauguration will occur on March 5 until that day falls on a Sunday, when the date will be again advanced a day. Thus in time a year or more will elapse between election and inauguration. C. H. S.

East Orange, N. J., May 16, 1916.

ANTI-SUFFRAGE REASONING

A Typical Gem from the Women's Clubs Convention.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have often noted the inconsistent attitude of mind of women who oppose the political enfranchisement of their sex and yet who participate in public affairs and seek self-expression. At the convention of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, held at the Hotel Astor on May 12, a striking incident occurred which may seem worthy of your attention and be of interest to your readers. One of the officers of the federation made a motion to send a telegram to Governor Whitman asking him to veto the Argetsinger bill, which would permit women to work in canneries eighty-four hours a week and until midnight for twenty days during the summer months, and would also permit them to work seven days a week in ice cream factories and work overtime in any factory in the event of a break in the machinery, provided permission were obtained from the Industrial Commission.

Mrs. Jerome Rooney, a well known anti-suffragist, representing an anti-suffrage club, was the only woman to speak against the resolution, and her reason for opposing it was that she did not know whether the women employes of the canneries wished the measure passed or not! She stated that she was not in favor of allowing men to legislate for women without giving the women an opportunity to express themselves! Could any more delicious tid-bit of inconsistent anti-suffrage reasoning be found?

The legislators who passed the measure naturally considered only the canners and other manufacturers as their constituents; they could not be expected to count the women employes among their constituents, since the women were unable to help elect them to office. Not a woman spoke in favor of the bill at the hearing before the Governor on May 10, whereas a large delegation from the Women's Trade Union League appeared to oppose the measure and several of the women voiced their protest.

In the equal suffrage state of Oregon, which is one of the largest cannery states in the Union, women are not permitted to work more than ten hours a day in canneries.

MAUD NATHAN.

New York, May 13, 1916.

More Publicity for Wire-Tapping.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Permit me to commend you on the thoroughly honest policy of your paper. In my humble judgment, aside from the moral phase of it, in the long run it is doubtless the best business policy. I also like your columnists. They are far above the men on other papers, unless I am greatly mistaken.

However, I do not agree with your ideas on the wire-tapping inquiry. You implied editorially that too much has already been said on that subject. The more light and publicity received the healthier it will be for all concerned. No harm can befall those who are innocent, whereas any one who has offended will suffer.

I think the privilege of tapping wires should not be denied police officials where it may be of assistance in apprehending a criminal, but it is manifest that in attempting to anticipate a crime they have gone far beyond their duty.

If wires are to be tapped solely because some one feels that a crime is to be committed there is no more reason why a specific wire should not be tapped at my request of your request than at the behest of a commissioner or a mayor.

Emerson, Sydney Smith and other eminent writers tell us of the power of the press. The law should not be revoked, but the press should impress upon the Mayor that an abuse of his powers will not be tolerated.

C. B. AUGUSTIN.

New York, May 20, 1916.

A Reader's View of Loyalty.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On your editorial page this morning I read "The Reason" your reason for helping, in your own way, to suppress the Lusitania memorial meeting.

Why not be as loyal to the President, whose responsibilities are so much more manifold? Should he not be "permitted to act in accordance with his best judgment"?

New York, May 18, 1916. A. G.